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# THE REAL

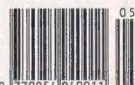
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# GH0STBUSTERS™



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**F**oody, foody yum yum! Yes, issue eighty-six of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** is a regular gastronomic delight for all you fans out there! By now you have probably realised how fond our ghostbusting heroes are of the odd pile of culinary indulgence (not to mention Slimer!) So it will come as no surprise to find that some of this week's fiendish frivolities take place in a restaurant. Not just any old pizza house, either. No, this time the setting is distinctly Gallic, as you can see in **French Frights!** Then, Ray has a close encounter of the distinctly paranormal kind when he finds himself in an out of this world adventure! Maybe it was something he ate back at that restaurant, but you can find if his feet ever touch the ground again in **Cosmic Ray!** With this and the usual instalment of **Ghostbusters II – The Movie**, what more can you say but 'Bon appetit'?

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# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



PETER VENKMAN



EGON SPENGLER



RAY STANTZ



WINSTON ZEDDEMORE



JANINE MELNITZ



SLIMER

**THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™**

**SOMEWHERE IN NEW YORK STATE...**

WHY DO I ALWAYS GET THE BORING OUT OF TOWN JOBS?

**RRRRRRRR**

THAT FARMHOUSE HAS  
GOT TO BE AROUND HERE  
SOMEPLACE. WHY DO I  
BOTHER? IT'S PROBABLY  
JUST A CAT UP A  
CHIMNEY, OR A MOUSE  
STUCK BEHIND A  
CUPBOARD!

HEY, WHAT'S GOING ON? WHERE'S THAT LIGHT COMING FROM?

**ZZZZZZ**

**ZZZ**

IT MUST BE A POLICE HELICOPTER OR SOMETHING!

IT MUST BE A POLICE  
HELICOPTER OR  
SOMETHING!

# COSMIC RAY!

**WHAT?  
I DON'T BELIEVE  
IT... IT'S A FLYING  
SAUCER!**

**НУЦУМММММ!**



WHOEVER YOU ARE, DON'T  
TRY ANYTHING CLEVER...  
I'M A REAL GHOSTBUSTER  
AND I'M ARMED AND  
DANGEROUS!



**ZZZUUUUUUUUUU!**



ON BOARD THE  
SPACESHIP...

ZUGG  
LAPZAN  
DOOSA  
BIP!



FOSSSGGLE  
ZIP  
'GHOSTBUSTERS'

WHAT THE...? WHERE  
AM I? WHO ARE YOU?  
YUK! DON'T TOUCH  
ME, OR I'LL ZAP  
YOU!

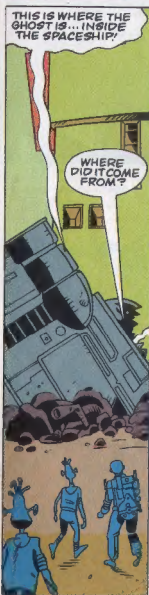


WE NEED YOU TO HELP  
US... YOU ARE THE  
ONLY ONE!



WE'RE BEING  
HAUNTED!





IT SEEMS THAT THE  
CENTRE OF THE  
DISTURBANCE  
IS AT THE END OF  
THIS CORRIDOR!



THIS LOOKS LIKE SOME  
KIND OF ECTOPLASMIC  
SECRETION, BUT WHERE  
DID IT COME FROM...  
HUH?

EXCUSE  
ME?



YIIKKES! I WISHED  
I HADN'T ASKED!

HIIIISSSS!



THIS IS RIDICULOUS.  
I'M IN AN ALIEN  
SPACE SHIP ON AN  
ALIEN PLANET BEING  
CHASED BY THE GHOST  
OF AN ALIEN... NO  
WONDER I FEEL  
ALIENATED!

RRRAAGHHHHIISSSS!



THERE'S ONLY  
ONE THING TO  
DO... ZAP THE  
SPACE  
SPOOK!

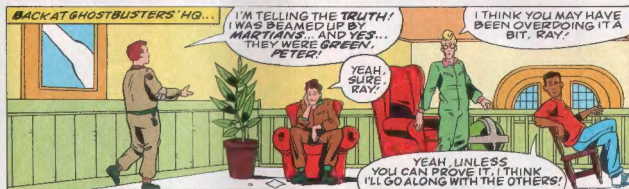
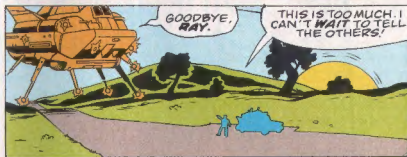
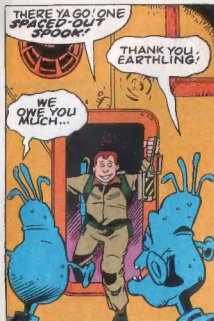
ARGGHHHHIISSSS!



I'M GLAD TO SEE  
THAT GRAVITY STILL  
WORKS HERE ON  
MARS!







**MEET THE...**



**PACKED WITH FUN AND  
ADVENTURE EVERY FORTNIGHT!**



# SPENGLER'S

## SPIRIT

Just when I was beginning to feel I had been remiss in not passing serious comment on the ghosts of fair France, Fate brings me up smart, raps me on the knuckles and sends me to bed with no supper, so to speak, with the publication in this country of Antoine de Mort's "*Phantom Tour de France*." It is an informative and entertaining handbook designed to introduce the tourist to the wonders of the Gallic spiritual scenery. I wrote to Antoine and asked if he'd mind submitting a little piece to the Guide by way of introduction to his work, and he heartily agreed. So, it's over to him - though I should warn you his accent is about as strange as most pop programme presenters. Listen very carefully, as he will say this only once:

'Allo. European brozers an' sisters across ze Channel! 'Ow are you? Well I 'ope? Good. Zis is your old ami, Antoine, setting down on paper avec son stylo, sorry wiz his pen, ze facts concerning ze ghosts of my 'omeland. Which is France. As if you 'addn't guessed. French ghosts, or, as I prefer, ze 'Spooks' are très easy-going and you will find even ze smallest village will probably have one kicking about somewhere, as you say. Zey, 'ow you say, 'ang out in graveyard type places, in churches or, as is often ze case, in wine cel-



## PART 86

lars. Alors, in fact most of ze ghosts I know like to spend zere 'aunting times in ze wine cellars. I guess zis is because it is so, 'ow you say, dark down zere.

Par example, in ze small and relaxing ville of Montconceaux, zere is ze ghost of Gaston, a redoubtable stout yeoman of ze Middle Ages which has been laid down in ze cellar underneath ze Gendarmerie since 'e was caught selling souvenir Joan of Arc tapers. Ze spook Gaston is particularly full-bodied and possesses a fine nose, and it is recommended he is served wiz wild garlic and a stiff thunderstorm for full flavour.

To contrast, on ze upper slopes of ze east-facing town of St-Foy-La-Concierge-Fois-Gras, you may encounter ze light and fruity spirit of Claudette de


## GUIDE

Froufrou. Zis is an altogether more terse and sharp spook, possibly due to ze acid nature of ze soil. Nevertheless, she is typical of ze region as an 'ole, and can be enjoyed from a distance, per'aps wiz chef's salad and an eau mineral.

For ze truly great vintages, you must turn to ze great terror-producing regions of the centre. 'Ere, climate and soil make conditions all but parfait for ze really groovy spooks. Minertrop, Roqueblatt, Vincent-de-Compt-Ainci and Chateau Neuf du Poof are all famous names, but we should not forget ze smaller spook producers: ze tart and some would say, ascerbic Madame Vignette, ze rich and throaty Count Alain de Bathos, the distinguished, yet piquant, subtle yet impertinent, flavour-somely individual Pepe de Trottoir. Some of zese indeed, may carry ze label V.S.O.P., or Very Special Occult and Peculiar, which set zem up above ze ozers as spooks qui 'ave no peers. Quelle horreur! I am 'ow you say, out of space. So I must now say adieu an' 'ope you 'ave a good time, hunting for ze ghosts in my country. Remember, zere is an old French saying, which I will now try to translate. It goes 'Three Fish? Big window, my friend and uncle, the pen is sad and goes cough cough parking'. Okay? See you around, eh? À bientôt!

# FRENCH FRIGHTS!



Story JOHN FREEMAN  Art ANDY LANNING and STEPHEN BASKERVILLE

## French food, French restaurants, French poodles – and now, French ghosts? 'Ave ze Ghostbusters met zer mootch?

**I**t all started simply enough. They always do, until someone, or something, adds the fuzzy bits around the edges of things that make life complicated. A simple bust goes wrong – who could anyone blame? Egon suggested Peter, but for once it wasn't that easy . . .

The Ghostbusters got a transatlantic call from Marcel's Restaurant in Paris – a minor ghoul had taken over his kitchen. While the ghoul was trying to turn all the food into Demon Flambé, Marcel was screaming down the phone for help. "It's ruined my gateaux!" he screamed, again, for effect. Janine put down her nail file, blew her fingers and picked up her pen, writing down the details. "We'll be there tomorrow," she said.

"In the meantime, *don't* anger it."  
"Don't anger it?" Marcel screamed. "It's already tried to eat my first chef and best kitchen porter. How could I make it more angry?!"

Janine put down the phone and pressed the alarm. Some people just get so worked up, she thought . . .

Twenty-four hours later the Ghostbusters team – Peter, Egon, Winston and Ray – were standing outside Marcel's Restaurant, listening to Marcel as he explained what had happened. It was a sunny day – not the sort of day for ghostbusting, but they never really are. Nearby, the River Seine lapped happily at its banks and the Notre Dame Cathedral watched over everything quite impassively. (It takes quite a lot to upset a cathedral).

"First it started to make crêpes," he began.

"Crêpes?" asked Ray, licking his lips.

"Pancakes to you," put in Winston.

"Then the oven blew up . . . well, after that, it destroyed most of the cutlery, ate all the Cuisses des Grenouilles, and just

cellar!"

"Leave it to us, Mr Morcelle," Peter said firmly. "We're professionals. We'll have that ghoul out of your kitchen before you can say *Jeux Sans Frontiere*!"

"Cuisses des Grenouilles?" Ray put in. "You don't want to know what that is," Winston said grimly. "Let's do it!"

The restaurant was huge, decked out in beautiful red – carpets, wallpaper – even the paintings had a lot of red in them. It was the sort of place you couldn't have a meal in without thinking about Christmas and Santa Claus. A large fireplace, the fire blazing, dominated the room. At the far end, double doors were obviously the entrance to the kitchen. Behind them came crashing noises, the sound of breaking glass and the skitter of clawed feet. "Let's do this one by the book," said Peter, priming his Proton Gun. "You go first, Ray."

Before Ray could ask which book Peter was talking about, Peter thrust him through the double doors. Ray blinked in the harsh light, then fell flat on his face as the double doors swung back again and knocked him over. "You're supposed to move!" Winston hissed. "Sorry," Ray replied. "I was just –"

"Placing your order, perhaps?" said a voice like glass being scratched with a chainsaw. The voice belonged to the ghoul – a fat, green-skinned creature with blazing eyes and a meat cleaver in its claw. "What would you like for starters?" it screamed, throwing the meat cleaver at Egon, who had been studying his PKE Meter. Egon ducked. "This is a highly abnormal reading," he began, ignoring the cleaver now imbedded in the green painted woodwork behind him. "Never mind that," said Peter. "This catering clown has caused enough trouble. Blast it!"

five minutes ago –" Marcel went white – "it began to stare nastily at . . . the wine



burst off it as the creature made its way to the wine cellar door. "Not yet, you barbarians," it squealed. "I haven't started on the main course!"

"What's going on?" said Peter, staring unhappily at his Proton Gun. "That ghou should be toast!"

"Du Pain Grillé!" quipped Winston.

"I suspect it has a very strong sense of purpose," Egon replied. "It's giving it a firm anchor in our reality. We may not be able to trap it until whatever task it has is completed."

"I didn't realise some ghouls have jobs to do," said Winston carefully examining a crêpe suzette before taking a large bite out of it.

"Some do," Ray explained. "The ones that have to give warnings, avenge their ancestors, that sort of thing. It's all highly interesting."

"You haven't tried it," said the ghou, who had now decided to take an interest in them. "I'm rather enjoying myself!"

"So what did you do before you became a ghou," Peter asked, smiling.

"I cooked things," said the ghou. "I was the master chef, Charles Dupoint. Can't you tell from my hat?"

"But you're not wearing a hat," said Ray. "Exactly?"

"Ah," said Egon.

"Um," muttered Winston.

"It sounds like you were pretty stupid to lose it in the first place," said Peter.

"WHAAAAAAT!" screamed the ghou, throwing a toaster at Peter, a toasting fork at Ray and an entire kitchen table at Egon and Winston. They ran back into the dining room. "This could take a little longer than we thought," said Peter. An entire cabinet of eighteenth century crockery flew straight out of the double doors and landed with a crash in the restaurant. "Do something!" shouted Marcel. "Or I will be ruined!"

The Ghostbusters shrugged and walked back into the kitchen.

"All complaints to the management," Across a room that already looked like a hurricane had hit it, three Proton beams

lashed out at the ghou, which cackled as it was bathed in blue light. Electric sparks snarled the ghou, who had decided to cook some bacon and eggs. "I'm busy," he continued.

"Just where did you leave your hat?" asked Egon.

"On the peg, where I usually do!" the ghou replied. "Been working here five years when somebody steals my hat. I don't know what the world's coming to."

Egon hurried out of the kitchen and tapped a weeping Marcel on the shoulder. "The ghou says he worked here for five years."

"Impossible," wailed Marcel. "I've only been open a week!"

"I thought so," said Egon, diving back into the kitchen and tapping the steaming ghou on a gnarled shoulder. It stared at him savagely. "Erm, I think you've got the wrong restaurant," he said.

"Impossible. This isn't the Big Mackleburger Diner on East twenty third street, New York?"

"Definitely not," said Egon. "I think you just lost your sense of purpose." The ghou wavered, looking at the wreckage all around it. "Oh bother," it whispered in a quiet voice. "I think I'm in trouble."

"That bit you *did* get right," said Peter, raising his Proton Gun and firing.

The ghou gave a yelp, Ray thrust a Ghost Trap under it, and it was caught. "Just time to write a postcard before we head home," he said brightly.

"Such as?" asked Winston.

Ray looked at the broken plates, glasses, wine bottles and other assorted mess on the floor.

"Dear Janine, having a smashing time. Have met Charles the ghou, wish you were here!"



# ORIENTAL GHOSTS

This era in the lives of The Real Ghostbusters was a complete oriental nightmare, for there was not one, not two, but a whole hoard of fiendish phantoms to deal with. It all began really when Peter decided to get a Chinese take-away. Not only did he discover a Sweet and Sour Spook, but he found a Noodle Nerd and a Spare Rib Spook too. Luckily Slimer polished off the lot with much smacking of green lips!

The trouble didn't end there, however, for the Ghostbusters were called in to karate chop the disturbances emanating from Wonkei's Wok Shop. Ho Shang Rai, the Master of the Lotus Temple, to be precise.

Anyway, you may be wondering where all this trouble was stemming from. The answer to this chinese puzzle was simple: It was the work of The Devil of the Sixth Heaven. This Demon, from the Temple of Incessant Suffering, knew the clever trick of being able to turn himself into a dragon, but was not the sort of being you would want to invite round for tea. Needless to say, the Forces of Good were too much for him.





# DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghastly and  
what's more, it's a true tale of terror!  
Dare you read on?

**T**he average, impartial, man-in-the-street type of passer-by

would probably have to come to the conclusion that the following story is tainted with a high degree of unfairness. The reason for this will no doubt shock you to your very soul!

Anyway, the story began when a journeying man decided that he couldn't wait any longer before he stopped for a drink. As he was passing through the Somerset village of Norton St Philip, three hundred years ago, he spotted a homely looking pub called the *Fleur de Lys*. This seemed like a suitable venue in which to quench his thirst.

The thirsty traveller evidently did not realize what strange events were

taking place in the village that day, however, for it he had he would have chosen another venue for his rest!

Across the road from the *Fleur de Lys* was a building which, although is now the George Inn, then housed the Courts of Law. Inside, a group of men were being sentenced to death for supporting the Duke of Monmouth's rebel uprising. When the sentence had been pronounced against them, they were bundled from the courtrooms and out across the road to the *Fleur de Lys* where they were to be executed in the orchard!

Seeing the approaching party, the traveller stopped and opened the gate for them, when, to his utter horror, he was hustled along by the guards with the convicted men!

His protestations fell on deaf ears as he was shoved down a passage which ran along beside the bar.

Outside in the orchard, the unfortunate man was hung along with the guilty convicts.

In 1974, a man named William Harris purchased the *Fleur de Lys* pub. It was not long before he realized that the old inn contained a ghostly presence. Frequently chains could be heard in the corridor, clanking eerily and William's wife witnessed a shadowy figure walking forlornly down the same passage! In fact the previous landlord had lost a dog which had been so scared by something that it ran into the road and perished under the wheels of a car!

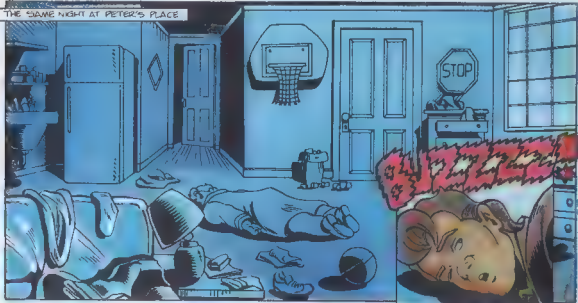


# GH**OST**STBUSTERS II

## PART NINE

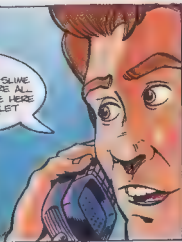


THE SAME NIGHT AT PETER'S PLACE

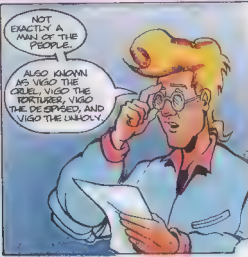




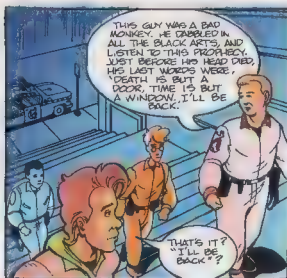
SOUNDS LIKE ANOTHER SLIME JOB. NO, THEY'RE ALL RIGHT. THEY'RE HERE NOW. RIGHT LET ME KNOW



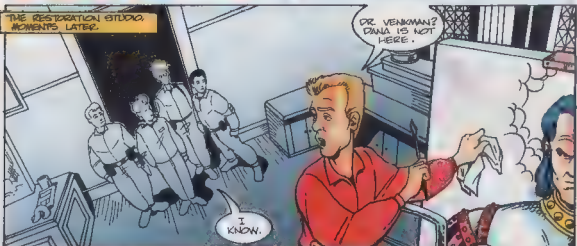
THE NEXT MORNING IN FRONT OF THE MUSEUM...

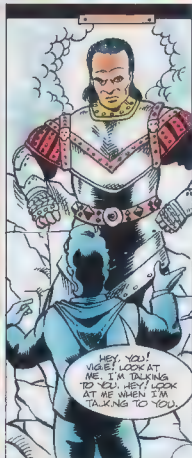






THE RESTORATION STUDIO.  
MOMENTS LATER.





MORE FUN NEXT WEEK!

MARVEL

# GH**OST**STBUSTERS II

## FILM SPECIAL



► The Story



► The Stars



► The Effects

► The Locations

Everything  
you wanted  
to know but  
were AFRAID  
to ask!



OUT NOW!

SPECIAL



# GHOST WRITING!



Welcome to another ghostly post bag! C'mon people, send in all your ectoplasmic enquiries to us. You know it makes sense!

**Dear Peter...**

1. In your comic Janine loves Egon, but I have seen Ghostbusters II and in it Janine loves someone else. How come?

2. Can you please tell Janine that I love her! Please!  
— Liam Doogan, Gosport

1. Well, it's like this Liam: I think Janine gave up hope. Egon just can't tear himself away from his work long enough to notice her. I think she still has a soft spot for him deep down, though. Let's face it, who wouldn't?  
2. HEY! JANINE! You've got an admirer! There, did I do all right, Liam?

Please can you answer my questions:

1. When people die, do their

ghosts look like them?

2. Can Slimer juggle?

3. When you are old will you still carry on Ghostbusting?

— Darryl Wheeler, Rye

Thanks for the letter, Darryl. 1. Well, we have constructed a basic system for the classification of spooks on a scale from one to seven. We generally recognize some Class fours as being the ghosts which have a recognizable human or animal form. Clearly, however, not all ghosts conform to the rules. For some interesting examples have a look at our 'Dead Trues'. 2. What a bizarre question! I can't say that I've ever seen him, except maybe for when he has zoomed off faster than we can catch him, juggling several of our dinners in his hands! 3. I'll let you know when we get there, kiddo!

I think GHOSTBUSTERS II was a great success, congratulations! I have some questions for you:

1. How long do you fire your Proton Guns for until you produce the Ghost Trap?  
2. Is it essential that there are four Proton Beams to kill a ghost?  
3. Does Slime have any ghost friends?

— Ross MacJannette,  
Knaresborough

Thank you very much Ross. We liked the film too, but then we're biased! 1. That depends upon how strong the spook is and how many of us are firing

at it. Obviously, a Class one could be dispensed with very easily, but a Class seven... phew, that can take a little effort and a four-beam cross. 2. Again, it depends upon the ghost. Four beams are usually reserved for the bigger or stronger cases. 3. Strange as it may seem, yes. Slimer does have some friends, although not all of them are of the glowing phantasmal variety. You may have seen his particularly ghostly friend elsewhere in this comic though — Billy Bones!

Could you please ask Egon what happened to his glasses on page five of issue seventy-eight. It seems that they disappeared and then reappeared. Maybe the glasses were taken by a Class One Spook and then returned. By the way, I think you are my favourite Ghostbuster.  
— Craig Russell, Linlithgow

Egon says, "Your assumption may be correct, Craig. But even so, this is most unscientific."

In Issue nineteen, somebody asked how many pairs of glasses Egon has got, to which you replied, "Lots". Why is it then that Egon always wears a red pair in the comic?  
— Charlie McGuire, London

Egon has got lots of pairs of glasses, Charlie. It's just that most of them, especially his favourite ones are red. They kinda go with his lovely bloodshot eyes!

# SLIMER!

IT HAS MORE SLIME PER SQUARE INCH  
THAN ANY OTHER COMIC-  
AND WHO'S RESPONSIBLE?



ON SALE EVERY MONTH  
From **Marvel**®



Make sure that you get your copy of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** every week! With your parents permission, fill in the order coupon with your name and address and hand it to your newsagent, telling him whether you want your copy reserved for collection or delivered to your door.

To my newsagent:  
Please reserve me a copy of  
Marvel's **THE REAL GHOST-  
BUSTERS** comic every week.  
Reserve it for collection\*/  
Deliver it with our regular  
paper order\*

\*Delete as applicable.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR  
GUARDIAN .....

# SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your  
jokes! Send 'em  
to: **SLIME TIME**  
Marvel Comics Ltd  
13/15 Arundel Street  
London  
WC2

What is green, hairy and goes  
up and down?

*A caterpillar in a lift!*

— Lee Nicholls, Kidbrooke

What do monsters most like to  
watch on television?

*Beastenders!*

— Edward Hutchinson, East  
London

What kind of cat lives in the  
ocean?

*An octopuss!*

— Wayne Davies, Walsall

Why did the orange stop in  
the middle of the road?

*Because it ran out of juice!*

— Paul Maher, London

What is Egon's favourite  
book?

*'The Haunted House' by Hugo  
First!*

— Stefan Charles, Dorchester

Why did the hedgehog cross  
the road?

*To see his flatmate! (Yeuch!)*

— Stuart Smith, Abergavenny



in Rose.

# TIME TO REVERSE THE CHARGES!



**IN JUST 7 DAYS**



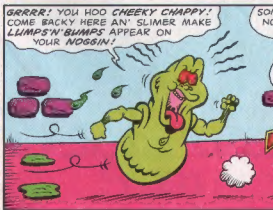
BLIMEY!  
ITS...



WIZ, OL PAL, CAN YOU HOO  
CAST A SPELLY POO TO MAKEY  
ME HANDSOME AND INTER--  
INTAL-- AND CLEVER??



I CAN MAKE MAGIC,  
SLIMER, NOT  
MIRACLES!!



GRRRR! YOU HOO CHEEKY CHAPPY!  
COME BACKY HERE AN' SLIMER MAKE  
LUMPSN' BUMPS APPEAR ON  
YOUR NOGGIN!



SOME GHOSTS HAVE  
NO SENSE OF  
HUMOUR!

EKK!  
LEAVE ME  
ALONE!

**WOOSH!**

I WADD GONNA TO  
WHEEZE SOME  
GEARYS, BUT  
I CHANGED  
MY MIND!